

## NO MORE OF THE PATRIARCHS'.

After Twenty-five Years the  
Famous Ball Is  
Dead.

NO NEW M'ALLISTER.  
So Those Who Tried to Fill  
His Shoes Gave Up the  
Attempt.

"HOWLING SWELLS" SUPREME.

The Final Abandonment of the Noted  
Entertainments a True Tribute  
to the Abilities of Their  
Founder.

The Patriarchs' ball is dead. After twenty-five years as the supreme dancing organization of the heavy swells of New York society it gave up the ghost at the Waldorf yesterday afternoon and was relegated to the dust of memory. William C. Whitney, Buchanan Winthrop, George Griswold Haven, Elbridge T. Gerry, Edward N. Tallor, Edmund L. Baylies, Bradish Johnson, Eugene Schiffelin, Johnston Livingston, William Rhinelander Stewart and Charles Lanier met in the Waldorf's state apartments and decided by a vote of ten to two to disband the organization. This means that there will be no more Patriarchs' balls. The crowning glory of Ward McAllister's genius has dissolved, and what seemed once to be a monument to his memory has crumbled to nothing and followed him into the half-forgotten within two years after his death.

**After McAllister, Nihil.**  
Lack of interest is ascribed as the cause of the disbandment, but the fact of the matter is that society has made the discovery that it could find a successor to McAllister as the manager of the Patriarchs. He was not only the suggester, inspirer and organizer of these balls, but it was due to his industry, his watchfulness and his personal enthusiasm that they were continued for twenty-two consecutive years without rival and without peer in the estimation of the socially elect. The abandonment of the Patriarchs so soon after McAllister's demise is probably a greater tribute to his ability as a manager of balls than their continuance could possibly have been. Society couldn't find anybody to take his place. Nobody would sacrifice the time or do the work or stand the brunt of enmities engendered in such management. It was easier to give up the ball altogether, and that course was followed.

The collapse of the Patriarchs' ball comes as a surprise to New York, although the shrewder observers of the Four Hundred were not unprepared for the shock. Last year, the first since McAllister died, an attempt was made to run the Patriarchs by a committee. The purpose was attained, but the committee was satisfied that McAllister's shoes were too big for it to fill. It retired with honors, and let it go at that.

**Successful, But Made Trouble.**  
This year William C. Whitney, W. Watts Sherman and James P. Kernochan formed the committee that undertook the task. A change was made from DeMoulois's to the Waldorf, and there was much talk of a boom for the Patriarchs. The first of the two annual balls was highly successful, but the success was attained at the cost of more heart-burnings, new animosities and bitter hatreds than had ever grown from a Patriarchs' ball before, and the record was not one of unbroken peace and brotherly love. Mr. Kernochan was the most active of the three members of the committee, and gave himself up to its successful management. His handling of the invitation list was also in severity to the letter's method, but certain people who were hurt by refusals for invitations held it harder against Kernochan than they were against McAllister, and a great hubbub was created.

The result was that the Patriarchs' second ball this year was notable for laxity in the matter of invitations, and consequently for a falling off in the quality of the attendance. Mr. Kernochan had received fatal injuries on the very day of the ball, and when he died the last hope of the Patriarchs' departed. The function had lost its high estate and there was no one to restore it.

**"Howling Swells" Now the Leaders.**  
The abandonment of the Patriarchs leaves the "Tuesday Evenings" or "Howling Swells" as the premier dancing organization of New York. It is also stronger than the "Assemblies" or "Matriarchs," which are managed by the ladies of the Patriarchs set. Both the "Howling Swells" and "Matriarchs" were offshoots of the Patriarchs, which was organized in 1872 with twenty-five members. Subsequently this number was increased to fifty at \$100 each and remained at that number until the abandonment yesterday. Prior to the organization of the Patriarchs New York society had really but one set. But about that time the pressure of the newly rich made some sort of a protective movement necessary. The times were ripe for exclusiveness and McAllister was the man for the occasion. He devoted himself to the task with that peculiar energy and ability that made him noted and the result was that to be seen at the Patriarchs was a few times was to establish one's position in society. It was along this same line and with a like purpose in view that he after ward corralled society in his famous "400."

**Who the Patriarchs Were.**  
At the time of its demise the list of the Patriarchs was as follows: John Jacob Astor, Edmund L. Baylies, August Belmont, Heber R. Bishop, George S. Bowdoin, L. Townsend Branch, James A. Burdett, Sir Roderick Cameron, S. V. R. Cruger, W. Bayard Cutting, Charles D. Dickey, Hamilton Fish, Frederic Gallatin, J. Lyon Gardiner, Elbridge T. Gerry, William G. Gilman, Ogden Goelet, Robert Goelet, J. Hooker Hamersley, George G. Haven, Adrian Ingle, C. D. Iselin, Bradish Johnson, Woodbury G. Langdon, Charles Lanier, Johnston Livingston, Edward Livingston, Bradley Martin, J. Pierpont Morgan, William O'Donoghue, William C. Pell, Whitelaw Reid, James Roosevelt, James A. Roosevelt, Eugene Schiffelin, W. Watts Sherman, Ryan K. Stevens, John Stewart, J. Anson Phelps Stokes, Edward N. Tallor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, James M. Waterbury, William C. Whitney, M. Orme Wilson, Buchanan Winthrop and Egerton Winthrop. Johnston Livingston was the president of the organization, G. G. Haven, secretary, and Charles Lanier treasurer.



Millionaire Hubert Pratt in His Working Clothes.

The young man is determined to get a practical knowledge of the business which made his father an Oil King. He is serving an apprenticeship in the Queens County Oil Refinery, where he works as an ordinary laborer. He wears a slouch hat, "monkey jacket" overalls and high rubber boots. He sheds these garments after working hours and takes the place in the world of society and clubdom to which he is entitled.

## HAS MILLIONS; WEARS OVERALLS.

Young Hubert Pratt an Apprentice in a Standard Oil Refinery.

And in a slouch hat, a monkey jacket, from which the gloves fairly drip, a pair of overalls that show the effects of hard service, and a pair of rubber boots, Hubert Pratt, millionaire, society man, club man and rascalsman, watched the wheezy operations of a big steam pump with an eye of much interest for five minutes yesterday afternoon. He then stepped briskly along a plank in the vat room of the Queens County Oil Works to the yard where some men, who were too greasy to get wet, were loading barrels on a truck in the driving rain.

So far as appearances go, there was nothing, and is nothing, during the working hours of six days each week to distinguish Hubert Pratt from the sturdy engineer who stood with him beside the big pumping engine, or the men who were loading the heavy, blue, oil-filled barrels upon the truck. Yet Hubert Pratt is the son of the late Charles Pratt, the multi-millionaire associate of the Rockefellers in the Standard Oil Company, and brother to Charles Pratt, who is a Standard Oil magnate to-day and the owner of about half the securities of the Long Island Railway. Hubert Pratt has several million dollars of his own, too, and yet he runs engines and vats and oil and rolls barrels, if need be, with as much cheer and alacrity as the lowest-salaried employee of the Queens County Oil Company, for young Pratt is learning practically the business in which his father made the family millions—a business, by the way, which his elder brother, the financier and railroad magnate, learned in precisely the same practical way before him.

"Young Pratt has been working here in the yard and all over the plant for some months past," said the superintendent of the Queens County Oil Company yesterday. "He is desirous of learning the business of oil-refining and the disposition of petroleum products thoroughly, and so he came here and began at the very bottom of the ladder. He has learned rapidly, mastering one branch of the business after another, and I suppose he will be a graduate in the science of oil-refining soon."

"The young man has done everything there is to be done in the place," said one of the yardmen of the company, "from manual labor up. He wears overalls and rough clothes, just like the rest of us, of course, for even fairly good clothes would stand small chance around here, where there's oil and grease in the very air. Pratt is a good man, too; he has picked up the details of even the most complicated processes and machinery in less time than most of the men who were brought up around an oil refinery. He's here every working day except, maybe, an occasional half-holiday, and if he ever wants to get a job around an oil refinery he's competent to fill any one, from laborer up to superintendent."

Young Mr. Pratt lives in a mansion at No. 232 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, and usually goes home from work in a buggy or trap drawn by a smart horse. It is said he will leave the Queens County Oil Works in the near future, to assume the management of another big oil refining concern, in which some of the family millions are invested.

## SHE WILL SELL HER FOREFINGER.

Has Put the Price at \$1,000 and Expects to Close the Deal.

For \$1,000 a young and pretty woman is willing to sell one of her fingers. She is Miss Grace Dinsmore, and her home is in Binghamton, N. Y. One day this week she saw the following advertisement in a New York morning newspaper:

WANTED—Woman who, for liberal pay, will lose middle finger at middle joint, in a nervous, or bone-grafting operation; stiff finger preferred.

The address given was that of an uptown Institute, where similar operations are common. The advertiser said last night that he hardly expected to receive any response to the notice, but had actually received five

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## NINE HURT IN A RAILWAY CRASH.

Express and Freight Col-  
lide, Head On, Near  
Haverstraw.

SIX INJURED ARE WOMEN.

Mrs. John Paul in a Critical Con-  
dition from Internal Injuries,  
Burns and Shock.

FREIGHT ENGINE WRECKED.

Accident Occurred on Thursday at Dusk,  
but the News Did Not Escape  
from the Secretive Railroad  
Officials Until Yesterday.

Among the hills west of the Hudson, less than forty miles from the City Hall, a passenger train plunged, head on, into a heavy freight train, cumbering the tracks with wreckage and injuring nine people, six of whom are women.

That was on Thursday, at dusk. Some of the women who were on board the passenger train are in a precarious condition. Yet the news was so jealously guarded by the officials of the New York & New Jersey Railroad Company that it did not filter through the hills into the city until yesterday.

The accident happened at Mount Ivy, a tiny hamlet six miles south of Haverstraw.

Mrs. John Paul, fifty-five years old, of West Haverstraw, very seriously hurt internally and burned by being thrown against a hot stove. She weighs 410 pounds.

Mrs. Mary Phillips, seventy, of Mount Ivy, cuts and bruises; also shock.

Mrs. William Fowler, sixty-five, of Thiells; shocked and probably injured internally.

Mrs. John Bolter, twenty-five, of Stony Point; sprained shoulder and deep cuts from flying glass.

Mrs. Mary Anderson, of Thiells; bruises, cuts and shock.

George Elwell, hawkgunner; cut by flying glass and bruised all over.

Michael Prossick, trainman; face and head cut.

Edward Birley, conductor; back and legs injured.

All these, it will be observed, are residents of that part of the State. They were all removed to their homes with the exception of Mrs. John Paul, who was too badly hurt to be driven far from the scene of her misfortune. It was no great distance from the wreck to the home of old Mrs. Turner, another of the injured, and thither was Mrs. Paul carried, not without difficulty, owing to her immense weight.

**This One Will Die.**

She had been thrown against a hot stove in the day coach, and her clothes were nearly burned from her body. To the physicians it was obvious that she was hurt internally to a critical extent, and it did not seem possible that she should survive the shock. Indeed, she is hardly expected to recover consciousness at all.

The trains which collided were the west-bound express, due in Haverstraw at 9:30, and an eastbound Piermont branch freight train. By whose fault they came to meet on the same track remains to be learned. The Erie Company has had control of the New York & New Jersey Railroad for the past year, and has been trying to put it on a paying basis. Lately there have been purchases for the road five powerful compound engines of a new type. One of these was making its second trip, in charge of William French, the engineer of the express. The chief peculiarity of the new type is that the engine's position is near the head end of the locomotive, while the trainman occupies a separate station several feet further back.

As the express approached a curve close to the Mount Ivy Station, John Smith, the fireman, had just left the front part of the engine and was crawling back to his perch at the rear. French had his eyes strained into the dark ahead of him as the engine swept round the curve. What he saw nearly blinded him. It was a headlight, big, round and white. It was rushing upon him as he rushed upon it.

French reversed the lever, jammed on the air brakes, opened the sand box and turned to jump for safety.

But it was too late. The great masses of steel and fire plunged together with a shock and a rending of metal that was

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## LOVE KNOWS NO "BRADSTREET."

Miss Daisy Leiter Gives Her  
Heart to Poor Mr.  
Wallach.

HER FATHER OBJECTS.

The Multi-Millionaire Declines the  
Young Man's Offer to Be-  
come His Son-in-Law.

AN ELOPEMENT FRUSTRATED.

But Robert Is Not Despondent and,  
Although Both Are Watched,  
Still "Love Will Yet  
Find a Way."

Washington, April 9.—There is trouble in the Leiter family. Daisy Leiter loves "Bob" Wallach, or thinks she does; "Bob" Wallach loves Daisy Leiter and is willing to gamble on it; father Levi Z. Leiter is rich, and whether he loves his daughter is not known, but he, having married one daughter to a prominent Englishman, has other plans for Daisy, and therefore he has no soft spot in his heart for "Bob." But "Bob" is persistent and Daisy is rebellious, and the father sees no other way for cooling the fever passions than that of keeping her within her room until he can find time to take her abroad.

Leiter is a multi-millionaire who came here from Chicago and built one of the finest mansions that the city affords. From the day they set foot in Washington the family has been prominent in society. One of the Leiter girls married George Curzon, of the British Foreign Office.

**Daisy and "Bob" in Love.**

As fate would have it, Robert Wallach, a Washingtonian by birth and breeding, of good looks and fine figure, though the impeachment of wealth he would deny, met the handsome Miss Leiter, and straightway fell in love. It was not one of those kind of love cases that is all nervousness and blushes. It was an aggressive attack, and the young man didn't care who knew it. The young lady recognized the symptoms and was flattered; her family, however, took a different view of the case, and immediately schemes were on foot for the abatement of the fever.

Father Leiter is practical rather than sentimental. He saw in "Bob" Wallach nothing more than the good-looking son of an ex-Mayor of Washington; he recognized no marks of trade instincts and his heart turned against him. He summoned the family into council, and Miss Daisy was put through a catechism. She acknowledged her liking for the young man, and was reproached for it. With a will of her own she made it plain that "Bob" Wallach would be her cavalier if she wanted him. As argument and remonstrance availed nothing, and the young lady continued to receive the attentions of the youth, she was ordered to her room and the key was turned against her.

Wallach, being a persistent lover, had found occasion to tell the young lady of that burning, fluttering sensation within his heart, and coyly she diagnosed the same symptoms. Therefore, when Miss Daisy was sent to her room to remain under the watchful eye of a maid, "Bob" planned an elopement, which was to be made effective when the young lady should take one of her daily walks through the parks. But Father Leiter, having heard that "love mugs at locksmen," took an extra precaution of putting a watch on "Bob." A detective was hired for this purpose, and the elopement plan was frustrated before it was ripe for execution.

**She Snubbed Upon Him.**

"Bob," however, was not despondent. Hearing, that one evening, that his adored one was going to attend the play, he hastened to the theatre early and secured a front seat. As the Leiter family came in he stood up and made an elaborate bow, which was sweetly acknowledged by Miss Daisy, and thus the pledge of constancy was renewed.

Mr. recently Father Leiter has made two other moves that are rather disconcerting to the young lovers. He has planned to take his family to London in a few weeks to attend the May Drawing Room and the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. It is his hope to chill the affections by separation. As a further effort to blast "Bob's" chances he has caused to be drawn a new will, which when signed will cut Miss Daisy off with less than the proverbial shilling if she marries young Wallach.

The Wallachs have money, but not a great amount. As a lover "Bob" has energy, but in business enterprise he has never been prominently identified, so there is no knowing what there is in him. As the case now is, Father Leiter has things pretty much his own way. He has his daughter, has frustrated an elopement and has arranged for a trip to Europe which may end the story. But if young Wallach has persistence and tact he may win out in the last chapter.

## PLATT IS IN TOWN.

So is Lou Payn, but Their Meeting, It Is  
Said, Will Not Be Glad-  
some.

Senator T. C. Platt arrived in New York from Washington yesterday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock. About that time Louis F. Payn, Superintendent of Insurance, was on his way from Albany to New York. Platt went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel; Payn registered at the Grand Union. They will meet this morning at No. 49 Broadway, and Superintendent Payn will tell Senator Platt what programme has been arranged for the Legislature to follow during the remainder of the session. Platt may not like the programme, but that, it is said, will make no difference to the Black-Payn-Adridge combination.

It was authoritatively stated last night that the Raines excise amendments would be passed in their present form, and that the Greater New York charter would be passed over the veto of Mayor Strong.

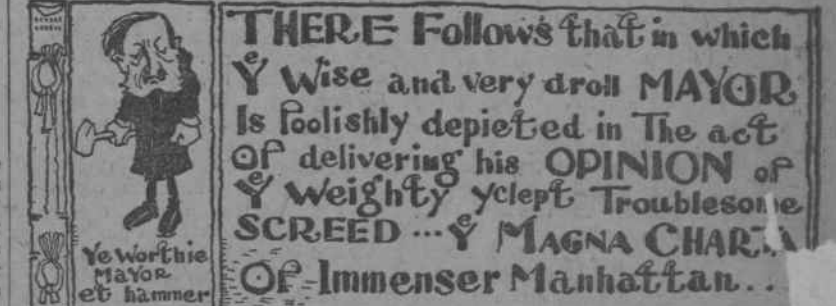
Senator Platt left the Fifth Avenue Hotel last night about 8 o'clock. He refused to discuss politics or say what was the reason for his visit to New York.

## STRONG'S VETO OF NO AVAIL.

Legislature Will Pass Greater  
New York's Charter Over  
His Disapproval.

The Mayor's Action Gives Albany a Sensa-  
tion and Is Promptly Denounced by  
Senators and Assemblymen.

By Julius Chambers.



When the weighty document arrived  
his most moral strength  
heard the adverse opinions of many  
wise counsellors



Then in the  
dead of night  
he delivered the  
precious package  
to his faithful  
secretary



And Ellsworth's friends  
were doubtless much  
surprised to find it did  
not contain his approval

And Today the Mayor is  
Enjoying his first few hours  
of peace in 2 weeks

ALBANY, April 9.—Mayor Strong furnished the sensation of the week when his veto message was opened by Speaker O'Grady just before the noon hour. Not a suspicion of his action against the charter existed, but the opinion had been general that the bill would be approved.

The Mayor's course at once became the universal theme of conversation in both houses of the Legislature, and for a time all business was practically suspended. This act of Mayor Strong in defying the will of the Republic much that now rules the State with a rod of iron, was looked upon as a cheap bit of nationalism, and was so denounced promptly by the entire city delegation and the Republican leaders who have stood by the measure. The most significant mark was that made by Senator Ellsworth, who exclaimed the instant formed of the veto:

"If Mayor Strong had believed that his veto would have killed the